

Cross Woz

ON FENCE IN HOLE IN THE WALL?
+ QPAC Successful Entertainment Show



Hand-drawn graffiti

Hand-drawn graffiti



Gold 00195



Is there safety in crowds? A Leading Introvert Reports
'with unbiased reason!'

FIRST INDEPENDENT REVIEW OF NEW
SOUTHPORT 'DIVE BAR'*

*conflict of interest declared

The NEW news

BATTLE AGAINST THE INSECTS

There's nothing I can recall to write about, nothing stand-out, because all that is – mainly what is – fresh on my mind is INSECTS. They are out to get me. The insects themselves. Not bugged bugs from the CIA or ASIO or Chinese govt. or whatever. That's my delusion: the BUGS are out to get me.

There is a whole network of little holes and gaps and gaping windows and doors in my house which the bugs and the lizards, rats and spiders use to eventually end up in my bed, my shower, next to the toilet – which means I have to stand up next to an open window to wipe my arse staring down some spitting creature with spikey yellow legs – and even in my eye. I didn't see that one coming.

It is impossible to shut myself in the house to keep the insects out because the sun also conspires against me. It is very hot. It comes in the windows but if you shut everything to keep it out, it warms you up like an oven. Possums and rats willing, enough leaf matter will accumulate in the ceiling and form a giant compost heap with me in the middle of it, which the sun will make hot. And the micro bugs in the compost.

I don't want to sound too clever here. I think it is my tendency to sit at home and read intelligent things on the internet that makes me the primary target for the bugs more than any of my housemates. Tolerating the bugs without dealing with them in advance and also doing the dishes, and asking the landlord to least half-arsedly fill in termite holes, or offer to do so myself for discounted rent with PVA glue and paper, or some masking tape, well those are tactics which, they don't seem to matter much to my immediate circumstance at the time the bugs are not bothering me.

The important thing is that now, I can talk to you about the insects. "Character building," the insects are.

Also I meant to say that the lesson perhaps from when shutting all the windows makes it even more hot, from when I observed that, was that when you do something about something, it

makes it even worse when something is so powerful that it will make it worse for you. If it is conspiring against you. Do you think that the insects care what I do? Can I fight against them, prevent them, guard my own house from their intrusive, sleep compromising presence?

I have demonstrated that there have been ways which the insects have disproportionately concentrated themselves around my own lifestyle and character. Perhaps my fear is that if I expelled the insects, I would not exist. Or, like with the sun making things hot despite your efforts, if I get the insects out, they will just find another way.

Why should I mould my life around the insects? Why should the insects govern me? Tell me that. IF you even read this far. The battle against the insects should unite us all, and the battle against the sun. But I will stay here fighting the righteous fight against the insects alone. In my computer room, in my bed, in my toilet, under my pot plant edges.

Are YOU shut off from the reality of the insects?

Please donate to my blog or buy my personally designed insect helmet. If you do not defend yourself, nobody or nothing will. But I will.

Something a friend or friend of friend did

They accidentally smuggled a goon sack into Fat Luoie's

C.W. ZINE INVENTORY UPDATE

Welcome to the team our IBM ThinkVision monitor from Lifeline Supastore. Its almost square ratio adds focus and business aesthetic to our HQ. It would be mean to not also mention the fold-out TV table which this very keyboard is rested on. It's like it's made for the leather-padded kerbside chair, as the legs can just fit under the table.

BETOOTA ROADSHOW, QPAC



Illustration 1: Crowd, cameras banned inside

Well structured, competently presented multimedia presentation, nice to sit there,

Sort for rich people, acceptable show but nothing really exclusive and behind the scenes, nothing you couldn't see on the screen. Somehow expected something a bit more raucous and booked seats closest to the edge because I imagined we'd be getting drinks every now and then. But the irony was that we smuggled (well, just took in, seeing as they didn't check bags) little bottles of wine and an usher was standing there. Seemed she turned a blind eye.

So, one lesson, fancy venues don't really care if you're drinking discreetly. It was so quiet that it would have been awkward if they kicked out two of us and random people next to us who we could hear pour wine too.

The difference between QPAC and a movie theatre is that if there's a show with people talking and looking at the audience, they can see if anything is happening. I imagine they might be the supreme authority, over the venue bosses. So it's a shred of hope, accountability.

There was a little bit of disdain for the audience, which I guess is fair because the premise of the gathering is enthusiasm for a website which makes fun of everything, and also wanting a special exclusive fancy event with special content for you, the rich person.

Must admit I was a bit duped. Saved up all my centrelink money to partake in the secret insights

of how to build a politically connected media empire that affirms a sense of detached comfort and world-wise all at once. You know, hand out \$70 to sit in a theatre, not talking to ordinary Australia, but reach the next level of knowledge.

"What are we paying for?" "Well you'll find out in the next hour."

The socioeconomic makeup of the audience was becoming more and more apparently, Liberal voting office worker. Or maybe Young Liberal or Labour on special social marketing research missions, or a first date.

"Well?" they thought. "We are already of a higher intelligence, a higher income bracket, essentially the social equals of these two well-dressed young men. I had expected a spirit of fraternity and partiality to the audience. But I did not laugh once. I did admittedly chortle a little, but not even in excess of what I would on the computer."

Embarrassed at their own discontent being pre-empted by the presenters, they resort to (actually overheard in men's toilets,) "The funniest part was the guy's stutter."

They must be hypersensitive, as I didn't pick up on that at all. And I also wouldn't have minded either way if there was stuttering (or anything at all out of the well-rehearsed program).

They must be a class of people hypersensitive to anything out of the ordinary. Everyone is potential enemy, competitor or accomplice. You don't go out to have a good time. In the girl's bathroom it was "Omg, you were smart enough to do med.." and exaggerated "oh hiii! So good to see you!"

You know, I was fine with a good enough time. Wasn't Metallica, wasn't the lively satire of New Kids On The Block, or what's that old Australian sort-of equivalent? Wasn't the candid tell-all I had hoped for, or a lively debate. But getting past the context of it all, it was a good show. A fair overview of Australia's social and political economy, a jab at corporate media, and characteristically putting underlooked in the

spotlight (eg. office girl saves them by asking if they have facebook).

What would I expect, really? For some reason I associated satire and cultural knowledge with a lot more chaos. Or some nerd's tendency to declare the truth and rational basis for action. To be the centre of attention for once, like a video blog.

But no, they were staid. They stuck with their characters. I think if Rudd's opinion that Betoota reflects "Midwestern christian" views is right, maybe they think, "Do not throw your pearls to pigs, or they might trample on them and then turn to kill you". Not much but plain old diligence and discretion.

Must say I wondered if the fine looking gentlemen and ladies around me were in fact these moderate, liberal, sensible Christian types. And, if I could ever feel a sense of camaraderie at an event like this, albeit a quiet one.

Actually I felt vaguely anxious. My friend reckoned they were the Trey Parker and what's-his-name. Which would make Betoota Advocate a South Park but socially acceptable for baby boomers to be fanboys and fangirls of. So I reckon a comeback for the whiners would be, "go buy a carton, smoke some cones and binge watch South Park if you want to laugh. You should be content enough that you financially supported your favourite, arguably socially and culturally invaluable independent news site."

Anyhow, prices aside, I don't regret checking it out (I don't recommend it if you're poor), just hope next time they have another one of those events with their beers. Or that they will chuck Betoota Bitters to the audience like Amyl and the Sniffers. Oh, and also make a movie (i'd pay to see that).

Thanks!

THAT AMERICAN AGAIN

The urge to self-criticise and confess comes from a confluence of religious and leftist ideological influences leaving murky marks mixing with the

murky marks of the shortcomings and over-indulgences, personal and cultural, that they criticise.

That American, however vapid the "well as long as you're having fun" thing is, does have a point. If you sacrifice too much without knowing what you're doing, you might become like someone under a communist or theocratic regime. There are plenty of similar cultures in the labour force too. Fake and happy. Sacrificing for a greater good that'll last as long as people's patience does.

So, sometimes I like to pretend I am a villager, a teenager, using a skipping rope, baking things for friends. You're not meant to think about how shit things are all the time, otherwise you become shit too like some kind self-assessment work tool. You'll automatically mistrust and condescend anyone who has retained any innocence and genuine culture, cause they didn't fucking work for it, or you'll be very dazzled and decide you're depressed or, that the others are just 'smart' somehow.

Just saying, you have to maintain an idea of what is good. Maybe strumming a guitar in a punk band used to feel more powerful and important but now it has to be a bit ironic, a bit frustrated at itself. You don't want to believe in anything too fully, else you'll be made fun of or be a bigot or caricature. Then you get sucked into the work world because "there is no alternative" and now even the little alternatives like earphone punk rock in the office or classroom is gone. And what are you becoming? A bitter, cynical worker, or a fake-happy one who derides cultural activities not approved according to conventional team-building and self-care routines.

As much as my writing is putting my own stimulant-induced, caged animal, guilt-complex agitation on others (mentally thrashing myself in the process), I don't actually give a shit about politics and society in the sense that I need it enough to not wish I could just drink coffee and listen to dumb music and climb trees all day. Writing sucks. And when I think about it, though mass rallies and utopian ideas are cool, i'd rather just everyone have what they need and be basically decent and transparent, working

together for their basic needs, no conquest of the stars, no desire for total purity and unity, for better stuff to consume, etc.

What's it called, techno-communism?
Accelerationism? Making the left cool?

The other thing, 'standard of living'?

Wanting a flag to fly that's not tarnished with colonialism?

Wanting basically to fit in in a very comprehensive way, to a large group?

I don't care all that much, those things aren't permanent, aren't reliable.

If only I could see with my own eyes equal opportunity (that is, "tree there with fruit, you have arms too, so you pick your fruit and I pick mine"), what the basic responsibilities are for people to maintain a functioning society with basic goods and services (the, "get a job, any job, have a couple of kids, make sure they go to school" thing doesn't apply), conclude that there is nothing difficult to write about, nobody missing out, nobody with complex cultural problems, and then shut up and mind my own business.

See, I tried to find motivation to do stuff, to write more, to get back my writing vigor when I was contentedly reading in bed, pottering around the house excited about putting up insect nets and cooking, I would try to find an ideal or strategy or guilt trip. To get on to a higher purpose.

What about people around you? Their problems? What about the political, social, environmental etc. problems? Well, like most well-adjusted people, to an extent I say fuck em.

Only got so much energy before nitpicking the nuances between them and you, reading psychology, trying to be scrupulously fair by understanding all points of view becomes either exhausting or you become an overinflated yammering person of questionable trustworthiness. And if you're egalitarian as you think you are, you'd want the same treatment in return, and if you're sane, you'll notice that

people have either burned out, are equally as consumed by other's problems as you are (double trouble, multiply, till you get bureaucracies and weird churches of fake people), or see you as a target to recruit for personal or political purposes.

Where does this all get me? Well, I don't care much for grand ideological visions, for 'causes', and frankly for my own social and cultural connections half the time, it seems. I can't be bothered going out. Neither do all my dork friends. And then those who aren't dorks can be over-dependent on constant, or regular social connection, which isn't necessarily more wholesome than the dork stuff.

Well, it's all just a tool set for a) enjoyment and b) affirming a fundamental truth as best as you can. This truth is that nobody was born to not feel okay because of a social order that's entirely made up (aww ugh doesn't that sound squishy and affirming for brats? Im not saying you don't have to think of others).

The terms and conditions for it are long, and especially burdensome if you didn't learn the gist of them already. That's the law. You can learn it all day, debate with the authors, produce compromised versions, do it all out of a sense of duty, but without the fundamental truth, it's a risky operation.

If this is a liberal parasite's cop-out for not engaging with policy, for not going out of their way to show love and curiosity to learn about all humans, to be straining to better the world, to squander talents, to praise other people in their mediocrity and insular lifestyles...

Well, we're all not good enough. We all hate each other and love each other for the same reasons we hate and love ourselves.

It is partly because society and economy is disorganised. i.e. we're not in the same place at the right time, given suitable jobs, enough space to hang out properly and all that. That's important. But it's also the fundamental truth that humans aren't perfectly united with each other, but can't get rid of a sense of responsibility to be connected to each other.

When you realise can't get to the ideal (which is nothing on earth, which is the idea of heaven, which you grasp in 'fear of God' or maybe near-death or ego death or something, when you realise your little 'slice of heaven' is embarrassing compared), and you are humble enough to know you're too small to imagine this ideal, let alone how to get to it, BUT still want to do SOMETHING,

Plus, realising that people will meet your earnest strategies and allegiances and attempts at unity with scepticism, by their very instinct,

And, everything is too damn complicated,

because, because (cop out) the devil and the demons made it so,

people do desperate things,

What I actually want is to be able to say, "mind your own business, you know how it is". And maintain my dignity in quiet work without having to deal with people who control everyone else's business, who have too much stuff, too much neurosis, and too many fake crises.

Give people what they need and the 'ism's' will smooth themselves out.

So it's like leftist minarchism (modernised), you've got emergency services, health care, roads, schools, unis, and a cap on wealth that is socially enforced because there's no prosecution for stealing stuff people don't need. Nobody's entitled to define and dominate the public, either, so your billboards will get graffiti all over them. There are measures to make sure cops and others in powerful positions aren't in the job for too long, either, and represent the public. Anyhow, so I want to be happy but I don't want to pretend like I know about society.

Well I just fear watching cartoons all the time. Being consumed by addictions And I fear being too much about 'the other' and being like some artificial worker drone. Blah blah ba;lance, boring shit.

I DONT WANT TO BE ANYTHING. LEAVE ME ALONE. LET ME BE ALONE WITHOUT

GUILT OR LABELLING MYSELF THIS OR THAT.

I DONT WANT SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY BEYOND WHAT PEOPLE CAN SHOW ME NEEDS TO BE DONE, AND HOW MUCH PEOPLE SHOW ME IS NECESSARY FOR THE SYSTEM.

SHUT UP AND GIVE EVERYONE SPACE ALONE. NOT FAMILIES, NOT NATIONS, NOT TOWNS, NOT COUPLES, JUST A L O N E. ANIMALS TOO (FREE TO GATHER ACCORDING TO THEIR INSTINCT).

YOUR DEPRESSION, SEXUAL DYSFUNCTION, YOUR BEING MINDFUCKED AT WORK WILL GO AWAY TOO. (AN AMOUNT OF DISTANCE/AUTONOMY IS THE ONLY WAY TO PROTECT EVERYONE FROM BEING MINDFUCKED FULLY)

I HATE THE BURDEN OF ACQUIRING SPECIALISED KNOWLEDGE OF SOCIETY, CULTURE, PSYCHOLOGY, POLITICS ETC. I RESENT MYSELF FOR BEING TOO SMART OR TOO DUMB. Okay, enough all caps.

Vinnies Dive Bar, Southport, Gold Coast

People are nice, people are good, going out is good, it makes you feel alive. I had been sitting around the house in a camo tshirt and listening to Bathory, doing exercises, in a satisfied but sort of 'prepare for scarcity' sort of mindset. Why would I want to sit around being a dork when there are beautiful people, beautiful water, people singing, hugging, all dressed up and colourful, spreading nice connections everywhere?

It was 11/11 and we did acknowledge the armistice as a group on the train playform but ended up talking about it instead of doing it (there was no announcement and we kind of forgot). They did stop their guns? Did they really? That's fascinating that communications networks stopped guns. Like, how?

Anyhow, we got off the train at Helensvale and caught the new tram route from there to

Southport. Got some food at Aus Fair food court and I swam in undies and camisole. There were black helicopters, jet skis, a little yacht that said CHA CHING. It was very multicultural, the classis tribal tat white dude with bleach blonde girlfriend behind us sitting on towels, lots of Maori and Pacific islanders, South west asians, Muslim women with colorful clothes blowing in the wind, and a guy in a Gucci jumper singing loudly in Italian and talking selfies. Amongst the usual BBQ kids bday crowds. Typical urban area, I guessss, but a lazy calm.

“in the sun, in the sun I feel as one.. married, buried” Identity only superficially showing. Saw a couple making out inside the jumping pillow gates, with a hoard of kids jumping, What a nice movie setting.

Thought about last time how it was church barbecues and how I noticed all the sad things. Too much stuff I could recall about Southport and how I wanted to spread music there, music that I liked, so I would have friends who liked the same things and could feel connected to the bands in the pictures and videos and mp3's who seemed to smart and also poltiically astute.

This time, was a time when what I wanted was happening although, we couldn't call Southport home and it was a bit of an invasion. I had a hat and sunnies on and looked incognito. It's not that I ever fit in in Southport but I guess I fit with the aesthetic of it a bit, a bit mix n match in a dull way. Wanted to stick it out there and make friends and form an aesthetic and relationship to the space. That was difficult. As a uni student, perhaps even especially (defying all the uni stereotypes you learn by baby boomers and overseas people). What remains on the Gold Coast are people who have more of a wholesome, intuitive incentive to form a punk scene. eg. Sex Drive, Gee Tee, and some people from Sydney. Liberated senses but still the caged animal feel, moreso than the plodding, stnadoffish Brisbane pace.

That makes sense, as the Gold Coast shares geographic beauty, a modern businesssey image and tourist focus except, it has no prominent cultural heritage except for maybe, some old private school posh insitutions. Oh and Clive

Palmer and that guy who made Surfers into tourist stuff too... Jerry Harvey> Packer? John Raptis? I don't know. The rest of it is Westfield shopping centres. There was Shed 5 in Burleigh (the punk show shed), there was a shop front in central Southport for Aboriginal people, there is an independent record store called Butter Beats who I went to in hope that they might be keen to stock new independent records – they were willing to have flyers or cd's on their desk, or give out zines – but mainly were interested in selling spray paint and Pink Floyd reissue stuff.

I found myself standing next to the water not really caring much about anything. Thinking how it's good for my senses, really natural, safe. You don't have to know anything. Long as there's nothing glaringly wrong in your life, and you're with something who is particularly whiny about the beach, you're all good – just about any c*nt can sit in the sand and feel the warm haze of the afternoon.

Everyone has *at least that*, if you grew up there. If you're used to driving 20 minutes to the beach, you do that. You probably had sticky car seat leather back in the day. Maybe gave a shit about wen you shaved your bikini line or, how you were barely competent at a fast food job. Now it's all sweet.

No, that's way too simple. Can I say how many sad times I've had at the beach? Not sad enough to do anything about it. But just really dull, and even more because you think how your surroundings are heaven to so many people.. It's just, if you believe in the beach, it's not the shittiest belief to resort to, keeping you grounded. Watery ideology, largely non competitive.

Another Proverb: “when there is no dream, the people perish”. What if you save up for the Gold Coast, to move there, think you're in paradise, realise that it's actually a bit lonely? You try to find some ideology, often cult-like, like churches, religions, fitness clubs (eg. Ashy Bynes Fitness Program clean eating), stay on the internet a lot, move away, or find some physically absorbing hobby (eg. meth dealing). Where do you go from ‘paradise’? Well, you pour yourself into some studies, find a respectable job, and do a little

surfing and hanging out with the boys or girls. If you were distracted by home troubles, having it too good or too bad, or a lesser academic aptitude, a trade or keeping your high school job's the way. Maybe dole and hanging out with friends. Trying your hand at hip hop or drug dealing. For all, maybe computer games, anime, recluse lifestyle, moderate group of drinking mates or a church. At least, that's my impression from scrolling through facebook for the last decade, just about.

Anyhow, it was a bit, I guess, dislocating being at this lonely place with Brisbane people, mainly. The guy at the door was Greg Charles (Donald Crump) his friend who said he was shy and it wasn't his scene. "How old are you?" he asked. "25, how old are you?" "35" And also, I met the guy who runs it, called Glen, then Len, a guy from:Las Vegas, and ah. I dunno. Saw a few guys sitting at the bar, one mentioning The Misfits, how when it's Halloween they think of the Misfits song Halloween II. So that kind of struck me as being very familiar as in, kinds of bands and things I would think about when I didn't know more local or newer stuff (The Fall, The Fall, Misfits, Misfits, Ramones, Stooges, anything you can buy on a shirt and wear even if you don't know the band) and felt kind of guilty wondering how in the 20 or so years they have on me, how they didn't expand to an interest in something else... I mean, they weren't insincere or new fans at forty-something, I'm pretty sure. It's just that those alternative canon bands – formalised, insitutionalised alternative punk canon – must have been what was there since they were young and the kids like me got into them as teenagers, the stores still sell the stuff, and the impression is that there's nothing else there. Or that we're all over complex, hipstery kids who you can't really get in with. Lose-lose, like, you find friends, but then you become like the people who seemed exclusive and too preoccupied with their own cool friends, which is kind of natural when you're having a good time. Me, I'm looking outwards, I still feel inclined to talk to random people who seem alone, people who mightve been how I was, but it's like, what do we have to offer? More complicated and socially repressed version of classic stuff?

I used to take pleasure moew, I mean some sort of purpose and satisfaction, in my own diffused identity.

And I'd always question myself. Actually still do, here at least. Just I am no longer as much of a battlefield for, I mean of, the social/cultural conflicts of this age. Anyhow I dunno what I'm talking about, mind racing a bit.

That Glen guy mentioned like a year and a half of licensing sort of stuff.

It's a good venue. I'd have gone there. It's good that it's there. Bands were good, small audience. Bands were really good, to me. But it was mainly audience from Brisbane and also, bands being good isn't enough to establish local rapport, I think.

But still, even having a show there with not many fromi area, it's a good size and easy enough to get to now, like as much time as waiting around awkwardly decigin whether ot get an uber or not. I'd go again.

Any lonely fans on GC could come alone too. Diversity iz good, even if the venue seems not that organic (what CAN you put on the Gold Coast that seems not forced culture? Apart from a tent, a towel on the beach?) in that it is called a dive bar when brand new and fresh compared to it's surroundings.

Here are some pictures.

Yes, let me have a peek at what you got up to



Yes, we all want to see. Show us what normal and respectable people want to see. And make it a bit fun, too. It is the weekend still.



Thank you for letting us be in your 'zine'. We were so happy just to get this job being on a bus advert.



...Oh. That's different.
of an artistic angle there.

Shoes. Hmm. Bit

CW ZINE: It's the Cecil Hotel.

I went to the Cecil to get lunch when I was on jury duty once. The allowance was alright, it covered the pot and parmy deal (a pot of beer, not marijuana).

CW: This is the back of the Vinnies 'Dive Bar' venue.



Oh, it doesn't look like it's been renovated for a while.

I know someone who lived in those towers at uni. They shared a room with two other Asian students. It was a bit of a rort. Central, though.

CW: That's a shame. I saw ads for that sort of thing on Gumtree. But anyhow.



You know the theory about black helicopters?
They're everywhere.



Nice spot tho.



Illustration 2: MUTANTEER PREMIUM

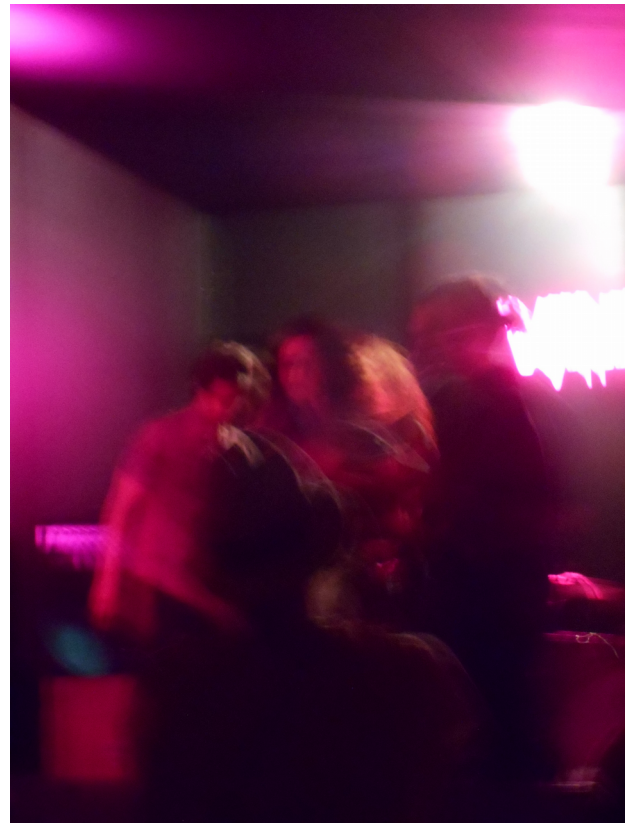


Illustration 4: GIRLSUCK

Aw yeah? what's the deal with the name? Are they lezzos? Or does it mean theyll suck u off?

Is that pic meant to be artistic angle again?

CW: I dunno, they're just a band



Illustration 3: EX-CATHOLICS (LEAD BY GREG CHARLES THE LOCAL)



Illustration 5: KITCHENS FLOOR

CW: This is Kitchen's Floor, they sing about being sad and broke and drinking. They were the last band

Oh ok, thank you, it was nice meeting you.



...To be honest, it's not what it looks like, I don't actually have a job, I am dressed in the generic corporate wear my employment service provider would reimburse me for. Also they asked if I might have a mental disorder. But have to try to get ahead. I am interested in networking and have told a psychologist that I will socialise as a constructive behaviour.

I am actually questioning my entire existence as a human being and try to better myself in whichever way I can.

Sometimes I go back to my rebellious phase from when I would go to Big Day Out and wear my old board shorts and a wallet chain to the beach like my older brother. But I try to stay away from drugs. Be good, get a job. Might study.

Went to the beach and little girl pointed at me for being pale and having hairy legs. But I try not to

care because there is too much to be grateful of living on the Gold Coast.



Illustration 6: CHA-CHING BOAT, COPTER

I get by, just hard when you try to be the sort of person they don't want and they don't want you, and its like nobody has respect anymore. Criminals, crooks, everywhere you go. And I'm just a normal decent bloke, you know. Try to talk to ***** and they look at you weird, then go spread their legs for some dickhead. Tried going to one of those Hillsong churches too, gave them 10 percent and everything but it was like a high stakes pokies. I said where's the miracles, the healing? They said you can't test God and I was like, they didn't tell me that beforehand.....etc

CW zine: I'm sorry. What a mess.

...What a sick and cynical view of life and the Gold Coast. You live in one of the most desired places on earth with great weather, transport and disposable income. Surely there is a social alternative. Surely.

Sorry what's social alternative? Is that a political party?

CW Zine: I don't actually know

I'm going to go, have a good night, nice meeting you too

INFECTED BY THE VAGUE CYNICISM BUG

NEED TO GO OUT MORE

BIT OF A DRY SPELL I DUNNO (IN THE
SPIRITUAL SENSE)

DO I NEED A HAIRCUT? CLOTHES?
EXERCISE? SEE NEXT TIME



Sincerely but fickle, awkward as this grasshopper
in a shower cubicle

But love conquers all xoxo